

THE POINT

THE FITCHBURG STATE COLLEGE STUDENT JOURNAL

Issue #7

WEEK OF NOVEMBER 9, 2000



MY COUNTRY TIS
OF THEE...

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OXFORD-ON-
AVON?

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EDUCARING:
MAKING BETTER
BABIES

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CELTICS START
WITH A BANG

PAGE 12

OIL & WATER

by Donny Williams

The Arctic National Wildlife Refuge is a unique and pristine ecosystem in Alaska. There are no roads or trails in the Refuge, very little proof of human intrusion there at all. The pristine nature of the Refuge makes it the ideal home for some spectacular wildlife. It supports large populations of caribou, musk oxen, bear, wolves and over 180 species of migratory birds.

Unfortunately, George W. Bush and Senator Frank Murkowski (Chair of the Senate Energy and Natural resources Committee) and their allies in the oil industry are once again hiding behind high oil prices and the problems in the Middle East as excuses to push for opening up the Arctic Refuge for oil drilling.

This "pollution lobby," led by British Petroleum (BP), Exxon, Mobil and Chevron is trying to scare Americans into believing that drilling in the Arctic will solve our energy problems and lower the price of gas. In fact, drilling in the Arctic will do neither. At the current rate of consumption, there is only enough oil in the Arctic Refuge to last for a maximum of six months. Additionally, any oil thought to be in the Refuge would take almost ten years to reach US consumers.

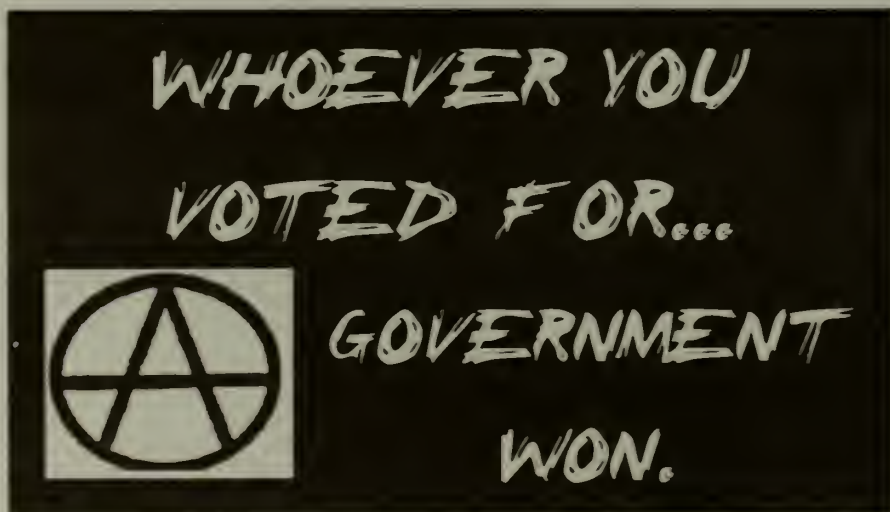
Drilling in the Refuge will damage the only part of the American Arctic that has not been sacrificed to the oil industry. Drilling for oil is a dirty business. In 1997, there were over 500 separate oil spills in Prudhoe Bay, an ecosystem once as pristine as that of the Refuge. It is now one of the most industrialized areas in the United States with over 400 square miles of oil wells, pipelines and roads.

With congress unlikely to pass legislation to designate the coastal plain of the Arctic as wilderness, despite a record number of co-sponsors, attention must now be turned to President Clinton. The President can protect a wilderness area by using the Antiquities Act of 1906. 14 of the last 17 presidents, starting with Teddy Roosevelt, have used the authority to protect portions of our national heritage. To date, Clinton has designated nine national monuments

He should not exclude the only area in the US that contains both Arctic and Subarctic ecosystems. Clinton should stand up to big oil and save the refuge NOW, before he leaves office, by naming the coastal plain a National Monument.

If you'd like to help save the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge from the devastating clutches of big oil contact MASSPIRG at 978 665 4710 or 978 665 4238. Additionally, you can contact President Clinton directly by e-mailing him at president@whitehouse.gov.

For a couple of months at least.



TRUE CRIME

FLY THE FRIENDLY SKIES

Flight controllers at Oakland International Airport in Waterford Township, MI, responded quickly when an they heard the word "hijack" clearly spoken over the radio. The pilot hadn't reported any trouble, but assuming the gunman was controlling what he said, the tower called the police, who then called in a squad of officers from surrounding communities, the county's SWAT team and the FBI.

The private corporate jet landed safely and was boarded by the lawmen using the latest in rapid assault techniques. Inside they discovered only several confused executives, one of whom was friends with the co-pilot whose name is Jack.

SURPRISE!

Women bathers at a nude beach in Varberg, Sweden were able to identify the peeping tom who had spied on them after his wife published his name and photograph in the local paper to celebrate his 50th birthday.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

A special Australian police squad formed to protect the last Olympic games in Sydney arrested a man for possession of a cache of explosives.

Investigators also found neo-Nazi literature and racist propaganda in his home. What first attracted the attention of the Olympic unit was the suspicion raised at the man's alias: Martin Bormann.

THE POINT

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The Point considers for publication letters to the editor on any topic of interest to the Fitchburg State College community. All submissions run at the discretion of the Editor-in-Chief and are subject to editing for style and length.

All articles must be typed or legibly handwritten and include a name and phone number in case of questions. All letters in response to an article must be submitted within two days after the article is published.

Announcements should be short, including dates, places, times and a contact person.

The content of any article labeled Opinion does not necessarily represent the views of *The Point*, its staff, or Fitchburg State College.

The Point is the student news source of Fitchburg State College. The reprinting of any material herein is prohibited without the express written consent of the Editor-in-Chief. All material submitted to *The Point* becomes the property of *The Point*.

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

HEY EVERYONE!
IT'S TIME FOR...

**VINTAGE
ACTION
FIGURE
THEATRE**

THIS WEEK:
THE MARX TOYS "BEST
OF THE WEST" GANG
STARRING IN...

**STICKUP AT
THE SOCIAL
SECURITY
CORRAL!**

UH OH! SAM COBRA IS TRYING TO
SELL THE KIDS A BILL OF GOODS!

--SO YOU SEE, PRIVATIZING SOCIAL SE-
CURITY IS THE ONLY ANSWER! THE
MARKET ALWAYS PAYS OFF IN THE LONG
RUN!



THESE YOUNG'UNS ARE TOO SMART TO
LET YOU AND YOUR WALL STREET CRONIES
GET YOUR PAWS ON SOCIAL SECURITY!
YOU CAN'T FOOL THEM WITH YOUR IRRRA-
TIONAL EXUBERANCE--RIGHT, KIDS?



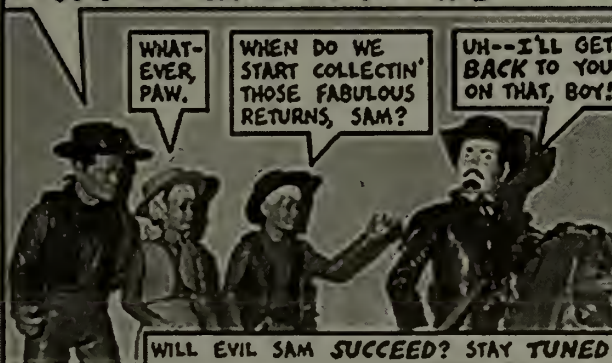
--SAM SAYS THERE WON'T
BE ANY SOCIAL SECURITY
LEFT BY THE TIME WE
GET OLD--AND IT'S ALL
YOUR FAULT!



HE SAYS YOUR GENER-
ATION WILL BLEED US
DRY IF WE DON'T DO
SOMETHING ABOUT IT!



EVIL SAM COBRA'S JUST EXPLOITING GENERATION-
AL CONFLICT FOR HIS OWN NEFARIOUS ENDS!
IF THE MARKET EVER TANKS, HE'LL LEAVE YOU
STUCK WITH A BAILOUT THAT'LL MAKE THE S&L
DEBACLE LOOK LIKE CHICKEN FEED! WE'VE GOT
TO STOP HIM--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



WILL EVIL SAM SUCCEED? STAY TUNED!

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LOST

**A silver pock-
et watch with an
ivory face and
silver chain.**

**The case has
the initials BGW
engraved on the
front, "2-14-00
Love Heather"**

**on the back.
The watch has
great sentimen-
tal value.**

**Please contact
Brian with any
information at
campus mail
box # 6232.**

Letter From the Editor:

AMERICAN DEATH

I was at a funeral recently. No, no sympathy, please. It was a relative I couldn't really recall; I was just using the event as an excuse to get out of town and pass a quiet summer weekend in Connecticut.

The service itself was unremarkable, but at the graveside there was a preacher, one of those unimaginative men who become pompous cartoons when speaking in public; perhaps his name was Lovejoy. His voice, suffering as it did under the yoke of rote memorization, stumbled over the clichés in his prepared speech and droned like the sound of the fat bumblebees running sweep and clear operations around the tacky wreath of yellow roses.

As he extolled my dead cousin's virtues, which, judging from the way he expressed them, might have been the virtues of any man unfortunate enough to be laid to rest beneath his officiating, the still heat and his sibilantly sonorous voice eased my mind to wandering. There I stood, won-

dering why the willow is the only tree that looks better in summer than in autumn, when I caught a phrase out of the corner of my ear: "He died as he had lived.....as an American."

This pulled me out of my reverie and rattled through my brain like Minnesota Fats running a table. "Died as he had lived.....as an American?" What did that mean? Logically, having been born and living all his life in America, it can be said he lived as an American without the jingoistic interpretations the preacher had forced into the phrase. However, the first part of the parallel disturbed me. What exactly is an American Death?

We as Americans can identify the idealized aspects of American Life: Grandma's apple pie cooling on the sill, while through the window beyond, the voices of children (who are all as white and perfect as the teeth in their mouths) echo "ALLY ALLY ALL IN FREE!" up and down the tree-lined street, to be occasionally drowned out by the murmur of lawnmowers lend-

ing that mix of fresh cut grass and blue gas smoke to the sweet and tart odor of the lemonade which waits in the dappled pitcher on the porch.

Broad fields of strong grain waving in the sweeping wind that sprints across the plains like a lanky lad just passed the ball as the clock ticks away the fourth quarter and brushes as sweet as a three-point jumper across the brows of the hard, working men in those fields. Men who stand with pride shoulder deep in the American harvest. Men proud of their sweat and the dirt that clings to their shirts like badges signifying their membership in that divine fraternity of those who toil to make a stronger country by feeding its people, feeding the squalling colicky baby of this great nation with their labor.

A slow montage of fireworks, as seen on television. Each more spectacular than the last, demonstrating the power, the energy, the conspicuous consumption, the violence we are born with

Continued on page 8

THE FILTH AND THE FURY

by Maria Brogna

This film documents the idea that a band could manipulate a generation and destroy style to the point that even the government was afraid to let them continue to perform, play or even speak; anything that could get their words out to the public.

This band was none other than The Sex Pistols. Now, some have had the conceit to refer to The Sex Pistols as the "Spice Girls of punk." Comments such as these are due to an attitude that was nothing but a creation of Malcolm McLaren and that these young men were molded to be the outlandish and offensive

arguably one of the most famous groupies of all time.

There are some interesting revelations on Sid Vicious and the affection that his fellow band members had for him as they saw him fall into the vortex of junkie existence.

"It's about self-pity...the lowest, worst form of life." Lydon says as he breaks into tears thinking about the loss of his friend. This is a way we've never seen John Lydon and it adds a level of understanding as to why Lydon would never speak about the death of his friend Sid.

The film also reveals some interesting trivia as to the band and its members got their names. Miscon-



men that they were.

The Filth and The Fury helps to clear some of the rumors that have been circulating for well over 20 years. John Lydon (Jonny Rotten), Steve Jones, Glen Matlock, and Paul Cook when each individually asked about McLaren had pretty much the same response: he is a liar.

They all accuse McLaren of stealing ideas from Lydon and doing nothing except collecting the money that they were making. All the former band members agree all Malcom contributed was the name, although McLaren denies this.

The film gives all the people involved a chance to tell their story, even the late Sid Vicious had some opinions on the problems in the group. Particularly when they involved his girlfriend Nancy,

ceptions are clarified and old lies laid to rest with truths from the very mouths that shouted the words that instilled fear in the hearts of the church, the government, and those that had believed lower class England didn't have a voice.

The old footage from the club scene and the overnight sensation of the punk movement adds an element of charm and nostalgia, especially when narration is provided by Lydon or Jones. To hear them speak with such affection about what, at the time, was a living hell, paints a picture of just how free they knew they were.

The comparisons to Shakespeare are amusing and not all together off the mark. There is also a cheeky little fact about a roadie at a Ziggy Stardust concert that Bowie himself

may not have even known until now. Siouxsie Sioux and Billy Idol are some of the other faces seen in the entourage following the Pistols from show to show.

This was the directors focus, to show a generation of people who have absolutely no idea of the relevance of what they were doing, and yet put "the fear" into those who did not want to see a change.

This sort of angst isn't missing in today's youth, but it sure isn't used in the same way. Though there is still a need for social change it

seems drive-thru fast food and cable television have pacified any sort of anger and disdain that was once used to, in the words of Johnny Rotten "destroy in order to create." Also the rising use of heroin among today's self-professed rebel youth serves to keep them controlled. Is this what punk has become?

Lydon ends his segment in the film with a shed tear for times past, though Lydon leaves the audience with some words to help the future generations, "Don't accept the old order. Get Rid of it."

Modern Dance Workshop at Fitchburg State

Christine Bennett, a former dancer with Paula Josa-Jones, will lead a workshop titled "Modern Dance with Improv as Choreographic Risk-Taking" on Wednesday, Nov. 15, from 3:30 to 5:30 p.m. in the Dance Studio at Fitchburg State College.

The two-hour class uses traditional modern dance techniques to examine the "in-between moments" in movement. The class will strive to execute challenging motions with an awareness of the underlying nuances that give performance more depth.

A video discussion at 5:30 p.m. will focus on interdisciplinary collaboration; the idea that choreography is inspired, shaped, and challenged by other media will be explored. The pursuit of new ideas past the "comfort zone," which ultimately leads to more innovative creations, will be discussed. Bennett will introduce one of her Dance Company's collaborative projects, "Bound," with a 10-minute video. She will also discuss choreographic collaborations with artists working in other media and an upcoming performance project at the Emerson Majestic Theatre.

Call the Weston Box Office at (978) 665-3347 for tickets. The cost is \$10. The event is sponsored by Academic Affairs.

Bennett's dance background includes an MFA in dance from Smith College and a BFA from the University of Illinois. Her training also includes summer workshops, including the Harvard Summer Dance Program, the Festival de Musique en Lorraine, Jacob's Pillow, and the New Arts Festival.

She has taught dance at Smith, Hampshire, and Mount Holyoke colleges; Roger Williams University; the Cambridge Rindge and Latin School; and, currently, at Boston University.

In Chicago, Bennett has performed with Urban Dance Urban Music, Kast & Co., and Hegwig Dances.

She has performed throughout the Northeast and Russia with Paula Josa-Jones Performance Works, and recently received a Massachusetts Cultural Council Artist Grant for choreography. She has also received choreographic recognition and funding from Dance Umbrella, the Boston Center for the Arts, Jacob's Pillow, the Dance Center of Columbia College/Chicago, the Lisa Carducci Memorial Scholarship, the University of Illinois, and the Grethen Moran Fellowship/Smith College. Her choreography has been presented throughout the Midwest and Northeast.

LASO sponsors dance to make a difference

On November 16th at 9:00 p.m. in the Underground, The Latin American Student Organization, Chosen Cradle (a non-profit organization for the children of Columbia) and JAM'N 94.5 will join together to raise awareness for the abandoned and neglected children of Columbia.

Although Colombians are generally a kind and generous people, crime related to the cocaine traffic has made cities like Medellín amongst the most violent in the world. In the poverty and squalor of the shanty-towns found throughout Columbia's cities, families tend to disintegrate and many children find themselves alone on the streets.



They are called 'the disposable ones', the children who live - and sometimes die - in the streets and the rubbish dumps of the city. These 'gamins,' as they are known, range in age from six to sixteen.

They are unloved, unwanted and often alone. They are frequently beaten, robbed, raped and murdered. They have to survive as best they can, but they easily fall prey to violence and abuse. Many sniff glue as an escape from pain, hunger or loneliness.

The goal for the evening is to raise money for much needed items for these children. Admission is \$3.00 or \$2.00 with a child's article of clothing (particularly gloves, hats, shoes or socks). Join LASO for an evening of fun and dancing with a purpose. Come together, make a difference.

F.Y.I.

The Fitchburg State College and Salem State College Concert Bands will perform a joint Band to Broadway concert on Tuesday November 14th at 7:30p.m. in Western Auditorium. Admission for the general

public is \$5.00, students and seniors are free. For more information, please call Dr. Caniato at 978 665 3278. Directions are available from the Fitchburg State College website at www.fsc.edu.

THE ELIE WIESEL PRIZE IN ETHICS ESSAY CONTEST 2001

SUGGESTED TOPICS

Explore how a moral society's perception of the "other" may result in social separation, prejudice, discrimination hate crimes and violence.

Examine the ethical aspects of implications of a major literary work, a film or a significant piece of art

Reflect on the most profound moral dilemma you have personally experienced and what it has taught you about ethics.

ELIGIBILITY: FULL-TIME JUNIOR AND SENIOR UNDERGRADUATES

DEADLINE JANUARY 5, 2001

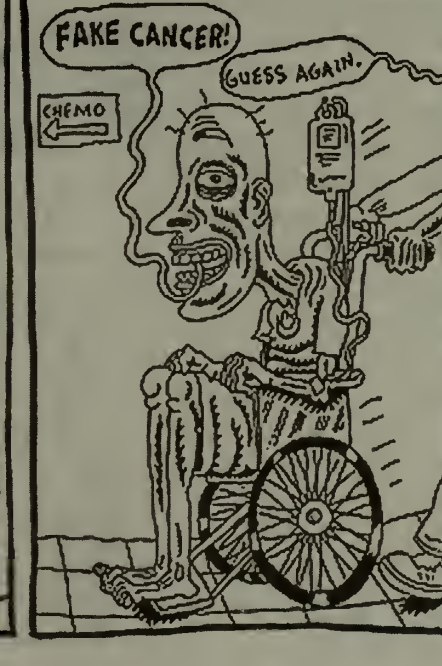
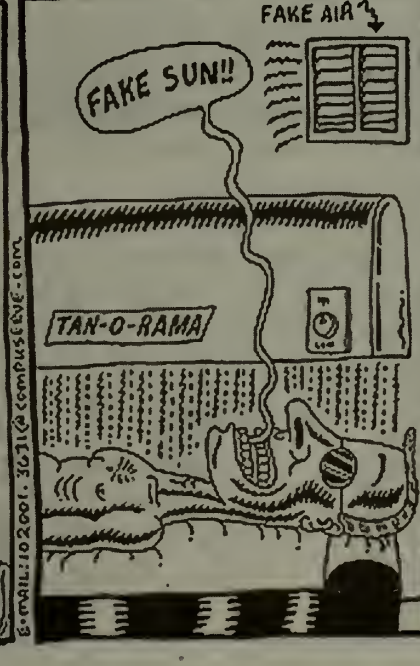
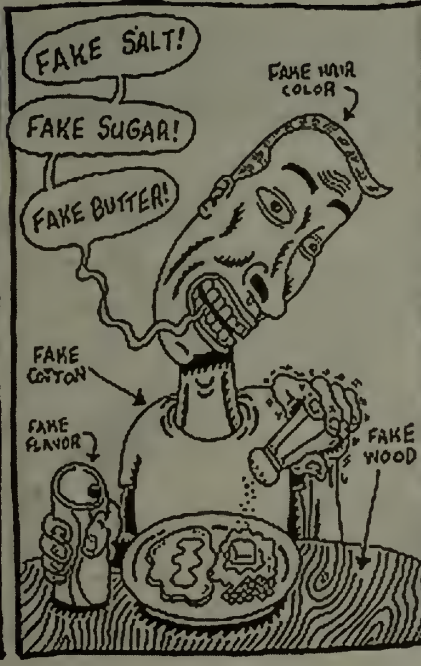
In addition to completing a Student Entry Form, the student is required to have a professor review the essay and fill out a Faculty Sponsor Form. Any interested professor may act as a Faculty Sponsor and a maximum of two entries per professor per contest year will be accepted. The college or university is not required to have an official coordinator for the contest; however, may have, or wish to establish, an internal set of procedures.

**FIRST PRIZE: \$5,000 SECOND PRIZE: \$2,500
THIRD PRIZE: \$1,500
TWO HONORABLE MENTIONS: \$500 EACH**

ENTRY FORM AND DETAILED GUIDELINES

Online at www.eliewiesel.org, or by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to:

The Elie Wiesel Prize in Ethics
The Elie Wiesel Foundation for Humanity
380 Madison Avenue, 20th Fl
New York, NY 10017
Telephone: 212.490.7777



Double Down on the Warhol

Las Vegas draws crowds with it's glitz and glamour, the promise of wild times and lure of a lucky win. But for all that the city could never be accused of having high culture. Until now.

Working with New York City's Guggenheim Museum, The Venetian, the latest in the line of casinos based on cities, is seeking to bring art to the masses. They will do this by building a 35,000 square foot "art outpost" nestled next to the casino's parking garage.

Other venues for high art in Sin City include the Bellagio, currently in negotiations with Washington D.C.'s Phillips Collection for an exhibition and Vegas developer Steve Wynn who is currently planning a casino with an art gallery to house his private collection.



ATTENTION GEEKS!

Want to break into an industry worth billions of dollars based solely upon your creative juices and hard work? In the multi-billion dollar American book publishing industry, science fiction, along with sister genres fantasy and horror, attract millions of readers each year. Many aspiring writers are getting their first break into the field through the internationally acclaimed L. Ron Hubbard Writers of the Future Contest.

The contest was established by L. Ron Hubbard in 1983 to discover new writing talent. Since that time, over 250 novels, including several New York Times bestsellers, have been published by contestants.

Among the benefits winners receive are cash prizes, an all-expense paid trip to Hollywood for the awards ceremony, a week-long writers workshop and publication in the annual anthology *L. Ron Hubbard Presents Writers of the Future*.

Although the contest encourages entrants from all walks of life, it is estimated that over 60% of the entries are submitted from college students.

"The contest in recent years has encouraged more submissions from college and university students. We find that students urge other students to enter their manuscripts. It snowballs," commented Nathalie Cordebard, the contest coordinator.

For more information on the career of your dreams, send a SASE to L. Ron Hubbard's Writers of the Future Contest, P.O. Box 1630 Los Angeles CA 90078 or go to the website: www.writersofthefuture.org.

William Fakespeare?

So we all know that the government is keeping the UFO that crashed at Roswell in Area 51 out in the Nevada desert, right? And everybody knows that Oswald was a patsy, Apollo 11 only landed on a soundstage in Texas and the Masons were behind the Ripper murders. Now joining this rich history of shadowy conspiracy is William Shakespeare.

That's right, The Bard may not be all he's cracked up to be. There have always been questions to the authenticity of Shakespeare, a simple grain merchant, as the author of such brilliant works as Hamlet, Macbeth and the Sonnets. Anagramatical evidence has "proven" real authorship from sources ranging from Francis Bacon to John Dee to a "coutorie of gentlemen" in Elizabeth's court.

Now the so-called "Oxfordian School" is putting forth thier claim. They say that Edward de Vere, the 17th Earl of Oxford, was in fact William Shake-Speare, a pseudonym he used to protect his identity as many of the plays deal with court intrigue and can be viewed as thinly veiled satires of the Elizabethan court. This combined with the fact that plays and playwrights were looked down upon as the province of commoners and rabble, led de Vere to subterfuge.

An additional reason for the deception may be de Vere's homosexuality, a capital crime in those days. Many of the sonnets contain strong homoerotic themes and combined with the fact that the "First Folio" edition of the Sonnets, published in 1623 is dedicated to de Vere's son-in-law, with whom de Vere was having an affair, lends credence to the Oxfordian case.

Those interested in hearing further details, including the persuasive evidence of the annotated Geneva Bible, are invited to attend the Oxford Symposium Saturday November 18th at Harvard University's Cronkhite Graduate Center in Cambridge. The all day affair begins at 8:30 am and ends with a Q&A period at 3:30 pm. Coffee will be served in the morning and a lunch is scheduled for 12:30.

Speakers range from Paul Streitz, director of the Oxford Institute (sponsors of the program) to Ron Destro, an award winning playwright and director currently building the Oxford Shake-Speare Company, an Elizabethan playhouse dedicated to re-interpeting the Bard's plays as written by de Vere.

Tickets to the event are \$85, \$20 for students. Event information is available from The Oxford Institute (212 971 1094 or by e-mail at pfstreitz@aol.com) while more support for the de Vere case can be found at www.shakespeare-oxford.com.

RED MEAT

fricative fundament fulmination

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

William, my central processing unit is struggling to comprehend what you humans call "love". Please explain it.

It's kind of hard to explain.

I guess it's like when you care about somebody as much as you care about yourself.

Oh...that sounds nice. Let's love each other.

Sure. Of course...there's the matter of the fifty-two dollar "registration fee".

Early Bird Specials!

For Fitchburg State College Faculty & Staff only

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ONCE UPON A TIME IN AMERICA.....

Continued from page 3

as a Sousa march ruptures like a stockbroker's aneurysm in the background. Slow dissolve to Lady Liberty standing cold and aloof in the harbor, her glowing and refurbished skin hiding a deeper tarnish. She clutches her text closer as if it were a set of rules determining who is to be welcomed now, as though that would make her safer.

We as Americans are born into American Life and live it seamlessly. Never stopping to thank our God (That's right our God. Not some filthy sunburnt Allah, but a strong American God like a Robigus or a Bacchus, a god of the land, a god of excess) that we were born white in the world's richest country and can afford the time to feel sorry for ourselves.

Sorry because the good life that came so easily to our fathers and our fathers' fathers isn't handed to us; because the races have been run and the other ones are finally gaining on our headstart; because the portions of the now cold apple pie are cut in dramatically skewed pieces so those who are least hungry get the biggest slice.

We were told from infancy, we were the bold fruition of history. From the Enlightenment onward, we were told that better machines meant better progress and once we had the secret formula properly marketed, the party would never end. But now, the cheap entertainment has gone with the dawn and we are on our way to becoming another stain on the mattress of time and we cannot live with the arrogant, prideful lie we have become. We can no longer live the American Life.

American Death, however, that's something different. I had a junkie friend, in truth a junkie has no friend but junk, but he was a friend of mine before his eyes sagged and his teeth sloped away to blackened stumps. The last time I saw him I went to see if he still had the books I discovered were missing after his last visit to my house. As I had supposed, he didn't. He seemed to recall my letting him borrow them, (Arkham House first editions of H. P. Lovecraft? An impossibility.) and joining in my spirit of benevolence, he had let his other friends borrow them, but he promised to get them back to me. Eventually.

I left disgusted. Not only by the devout lie that he faithfully clung to, but by the distracting way he kept pulling long strands of himself out of the tracks in his arm that no longer closed. I would have warned him away from returning to my home but realized he was too far along. He died a few weeks later, victim of a hot shot which he might have survived, but his "other friends" left him curled up under the bathroom sink while they cooked up for themselves. He was born into American life. Did he die an American Death?

My cousin was, according to his mother's eulogy, one of those bright shining angels who make brief stops upon the world. Fair-haired and blue eyed, an Aryan wet dream. He was not just liked, but well liked and was to leave for a high paying job in London at summer's end. He met his end water skiing behind his motor boat (a graduation gift) on the lake that abutted the family's summer home in Maine when he zigged into a sunken something or other and zagged out of this world. He had lived a life of contentment and ease, never knowing strife nor illness nor despair. He was born into American Life. Did he die an American Death?

A soldier dying in a scrub oak desert following an oil company agenda while all around him fleets of helicopters swarm the air like angry bees. The crack baby whose cries from the incubator get fainter and fainter and fade completely. Richard Speck's nurses, John Wayne Gacy's male whores, Henry Lee Lucas' demographic cross-section, are these American Deaths?

To a certain degree, yes. All of them. However, these are better defined as the deaths of Americans. There is only one true American Death, only one that matters, that typifies the age of Modern America in which we live our American Lives. That is the death of a 28 year-old woman named Kitty Genovese.

New York. Warm spring night. 1964. Kitty

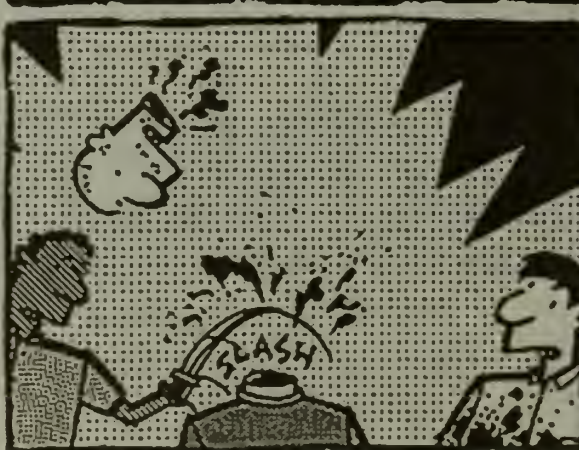
Genovese, a wannabe model, wannabe actress, but current bar manager was stabbed to death by her ex-boyfriend. Nowadays he'd be called a stalker, but back then, before Manson and Zodiac, it wasn't so common as to need a name. "So what?" you might ask. Someone's killed in New York. It literally happens every day, about twice a day that year. Why can't we just forget it and move on? Because we shouldn't. The name Kitty Genovese should be remembered, should be taught in schools.

Her name should serve as a warning flag that we are approaching the limit of the darkness within us all. It's not just that she was murdered, it was the events surrounding her murder. You see, Kitty Genovese was killed on the sidewalk in front of the apartment building where she lived and although her murder was a crime of passion, it did not end quickly. It took Kitty Genovese twenty minutes to die. Long enough for her assailant to leave and return to attack her again, twice more, before finally killing her.

Several dozen apartment windows overlook the place she died and as it was a warm spring night, the kind of night where lovers walk hand in hand, travel the moonlit park by carriage or simply spoon in the early spring warmth, many of the windows were open. It was later determined that nearly forty people had heard Kitty

Continued on page 10

A DETAILED THEORETICAL TREATISE ON THE NATURE OF HUMOR.



10-13-00-B

CATCHER IN THE RIE



Dr. Diana Suskind will offer a unique theatrical experience. The presentation, titled *Physicalizing Parent-N-Me: The Living Documentation of the RIE Philosophy*, will be held in room C179 at the McKay Campus School. RIE stands for Resources for Infant Educators. Educaring is a methodology for working with infants, built upon the work of the late Hungarian pediatrician, Dr. Emmi Pikler. Founded in Palo Alto, CA in 1978, RIE seeks to educate parents and professionals in their approaches toward infant care.

In order to foster quality care RIE encourages respect by providing the infant with a safe and nurturing environment in which to explore, and participation in the educational process. Infants should be allowed the freedom to interact with other

infants and parents should involve the child in all aspects of its life, even care activities. For instance, an Educarer shows respect toward the infant by not picking him up without telling him beforehand, by talking directly to him and not over him, and by waiting for the child's response. Such respectful attitudes help to develop a child.



The RIE Philosophy will be demonstrated in five "scenes:" *Caring for the Newborn, Purposeful Play, Importance of Communication, House Rules and Quality Time through Educaring*. These will be presented respectively by Melanie Brown, Melissa Prichard, Beth Rabinow, Alicia McAllister and Kim Wilson; all FSC students currently enrolled in Caring for Infants and Toddlers.

Pickhardt exhibit at the Fitchburg Art Museum

Through January 7, 2001, the Fitchburg Art Museum will present the first of a projected five-part exhibition series examining the lifework of the pioneering New England artist Carl Pickhardt.

Pickhardt, who at 92 is still actively drawing, began his career in 1930, as a student of the artist Harold Zimmerman. Like many artists of the period, Zimmerman instilled in his students the conviction that draughtsmanship was the foundation of visual expression and under his tutelage, Pickhardt became a superb draughtsman.

In the thirties and forties, Pickhardt produced a large body of exquisite drawings and highly accomplished paintings exploring a variety of representational subjects. These he exhibited on the Jacques Seligmann gallery in New York and the Stuart gallery in Boston.

In 1953, Pickhardt, whose landscape paintings had become increasingly simplified and abstract, developed a free-form picture format instead of the traditional rectangular shape. Stretching canvas over free form plywood, Pickhardt painted simple volumetric landscapes before abandoning vertical and horizontal reference altogether for pure abstraction. Although later artists such as Frank Stella and Ellsworth Kelly would adopt the free-form canvas, Pickhardt's 1954 exhibition in the Jacques Seligmann gallery is thought to be the first public exhibition of this form.

For the next four decades, Pickhardt would explore this challenging territory creating more than six hundred works. In 1999 these were donated to the Fitchburg Art Museum, along with numerous prints and drawings from earlier years.

Beginning with the fifties, each of the Museum's five sequential exhibitions will be devoted to a specific decade. Drawings and prints from earlier periods will accompany each exhibition.

New England Writer's Series: Jay Parini

Novelist, poet and Robert Frost biographer Jay Parini will present a free public lecture at Fitchburg State College on Nov. 15 at 7:30 p.m. in Kent Recital Hall of the Conlon Building. A pre-lecture reception with the writer is scheduled for 6:15 p.m. For tickets to the reception, call the Weston Box Office at 665-3347. The event is part of the college's New England Writers Series.

Parini is author of the highly-acclaimed *Robert Frost: A Life*, published last year. He has also written a series of well-reviewed novels, including *The Last Station*, which the *Times Literary Supplement* termed "a masterpiece."

While a graduate student in Scotland in 1972 Parini published his first book of poems, *Singing in Time*, after which he began contributing essays and reviews to various journals, including *Lines Review* and *Scottish International*.

Parini taught at Dartmouth College from 1975 to 1982. During that period, he published several works, and a second book of poems, *Anthracite Country* (1982). He contributed poems, essays, and reviews to numerous journals, including *The Atlantic*, *The New Yorker*, *Poetry*, *The New Republic*, and *The Nation*.

In 1982 Parini moved to Middlebury College, where he is currently the Axinn Professor of English. His biography of Robert Frost appeared in 1999 and won the Chicago Tribune Heartland Award for the best work of non-fiction.

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LIVING THE AMERICAN SCREAM

Continued from page 8

Genovese die that night; had heard her footsteps as she ran from her attacker, her screams as the knife tore into her and her cries for help as she lay bleeding, lay dying. One elderly resident later said she had to turn her TV up quite loud to drown out the "noises" as she called them. She said this with quiet indignance, as though Ms Genovese should be ashamed for being killed so loudly and making her miss Bonanza.

Forty people heard a murder that night; A protracted agonizing death playing itself out below them, and not until nearly an hour later did one of them summon help and only after calling a friend who advised him to "not get involved." And Kitty Genovese died.

That's pretty horrible, wouldn't you say. Or are you sitting there trying to defend them in your mind because part of you feels the same way? Or perhaps you think I'm being overly dramatic? After all they're New Yorkers and there were over 600 murders that year and it's only going up. We are Americans, born into American Life, born of violence. It's part of our culture, part of our nature. Maybe you're right.

As violence escalates around us we seem to become anesthetized to it. We adapt the weak and servile pose of "as long as it's not happening to me." So maybe you could have been one of those forty people and maybe you could have reacted the same way they did. Of course you might just have easily been the one on the ground with the knife wound. Or am I just being dramatic again? Why should her murder be held high as a warning? What makes her murder so much darker than all the others of that year?

Because after being stabbed, Kitty Genovese, unable to rise, crawled around the on the sidewalk for a bit, calling for help looking for someone, anyone to save her life. She found shelter in a doorway where her assailant returned for a second time to wound her again, her shrieks echoing off the building she called home. Finally, nearly half an hour later, her old lover returned a third time to silence her agony. Still not "bad enough" for you? Tragic, sure. Horrible, yes; but not by any means horrifying?

Again you're probably right. At least you would be, but there's one small fact you don't know yet. Not all of the people who were her neighbors did nothing. They didn't all shut up their windows and go back to their televisions ignoring the tragedy below.

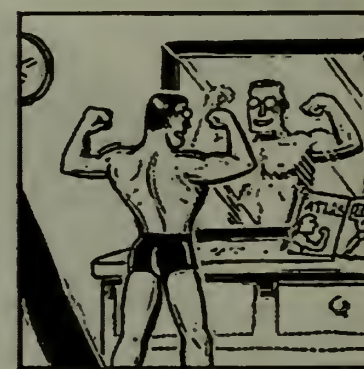
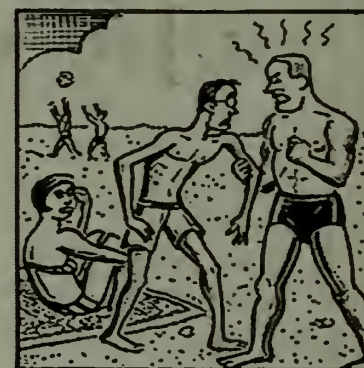
Some of them, a few of them, took the time to watch.

James Sposato
Editor-in-Chief

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3 down...only 79 left to go!

by Steve Beck

The Celtics have broken into the regular season with unexpected greatness. On opening night at the Fleet Center, the crowd was in an uproar. The night before Piston's scoring guard, Jerry Stackhouse, opened the NBA season with a league high of 42 for this year's opener. Stackhouse did not intimidate the crowd at the Fleet or the Celtics at all; from start to finish the Celts were in control.

After winning the home opener the Celts got a night off. They were back in action Friday against the Toronto Raptors. Vince Carter and Paul Pierce battled back and forth all night long. With the Raptors having lost 2 of there best shooters to free agency in the off-season, Carter was the Raptors only go-to guy for scoring. Pierce neutralized Carter's every basket with one of his own. Even though the Celtics were 25 down at one

point in this game, they overcame the deficit with the leadership of Antoine Walker and Paul Pierce.

The Celts had no time to sit back and gloat on being 2 and 0. The next night they were in Cleveland to play the Cavaliers. The Celts also got out

to a slow start in this game just as they did against the Raptors. It seemed as if no one could score.

The Celts usual ball handling skills were not to be found in the first three quarters. Lucky for the Celts that changed in the fourth. Down 17, the Celts made their charge. With 9.4 seconds on the clock the Celts had the ball down 2 and they decided to give the ball to Pierce to tie the game and

send it into overtime. When Pierce put the ball through his legs on a crossover the Cav's scoring guard Matt Harpering grabbed the ball and time ran out without even a shot.

Overall in the first three games of this season the Celts have played hard and shown nothing but their best out on the court.



Upcoming Events

Thursday, November 9th

Hockey FSC Falcons with Stonehill 7pm

Saturday, November 11th

Football FSC Falcons @ NEFC Championship TBA

Hockey FSC Falcons with Johnson & Wales 7pm

FSC Falcon Results thru November 4

Friday, November 3

Ice Hockey – Paine Webber Face off Classic – Semifinal
New Hampshire College 9 @ FSC Falcons 6

Volleyball- MASCAC Championships - Day 1 - at Salem State

	1	2	3	F
Bridgewater State (17-16)	15	15	15	3
Fitchburg State (9-13)	4	12	5	0

	1	2	3	F
Fitchburg State (9-13)	15	15	15	3
Massachusetts Maritime (1-23)	5	1	6	0

Saturday, November 4

Ice Hockey – Paine Webber Face-off Classic
Assumption College 2 @ FSC Falcons 5

Football- FSC Falcons 21 @ Western New England 20
Falcons post second consecutive winning season

Volleyball- MASCAC Championships - Day 2 - at Salem State

	1	2	3	4	5	F
Fitchburg State (11-13)	15	9	15	11	15	3
Salem State (9-18)	12	15	4	15	12	2

Semifinals

	1	2	3	F
Westfield State (14-14)	15	15	15	3
Fitchburg State (11-14)	11	13	0	0

Falcons advanced to the MASCAC Semifinals for the second consecutive year.

Men's FSC Falcon Cross Country finished 20th out 47 teams at the ECAC Championships

